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A  
Century  
of  
Inventions,  
—  
1863.







A  
CENTURY  
OF  
INVENTIONS.

---

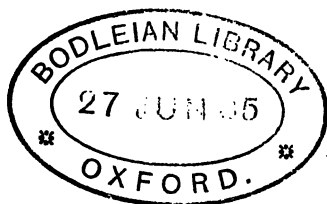
1863.

280. f. 185.

By some Solicitor. Whom?

By Edward Fof, who was a  
Solv in Essex Street Strand (follow-  
ing his father in business) & after-  
wards retired and settled at Can-  
terbury, where he collected & wrote  
the "Lives of the Judges", in I do not  
know how many volumes. A very  
worthy and clever man, now some  
73 or 74 years old. His brother was  
From the Author.

Henry Fof, the bookseller in Pall  
Mall, in partnership with Pagne.  
Edw. Fof married a second time,  
and had children late in life -  
a baby the other day.



FEW of these INVENTIONS perhaps deserve to be patented ; and none of them are likely to be pirated. Their projection, commencing more than half a century ago, was the relaxation of a very busy life ; and the selection of them has been the amusement of an old age, not wholly idle. Some of them have already escaped to the Press ; and others have been allied to music. They may possibly recall pleasant times that have long passed, to the memory of many who are now growing old ; and none of them, it is trusted, will excite any other than kindly feelings towards the Author.





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A

# CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

---

## LEGAL.

---

I.

### SONNET.

---

LAWs flow from vice ; and what was meant at first  
To banish crime produces crime again :  
Rules grow on rules, and bring a countless train  
Of terrible vexations ;—'mong the worst  
Is he by whom the flame of strife is nurs'd  
Till blazing out litigious ; he the bane  
Of all society, whose quirks and quibbles stain  
The course of justice, then no longer just.

Not all professors such ;—for some I know,  
Whose legal knowledge serves another end ;  
Chican'ry's weeds who root out as they grow,  
Firm to resist the wrong, the right defend ;—  
Who, but the wicked have no other foe,—  
The rich man's confidant,—the poor man's friend.

---

B

## II.

## PROFESSIONAL COMMUNICATION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

A Philosopher has asserted that every inhabitant of the earth is born a poet ;—but there seems to be a very general ignorance of the fact, although almost every class of society is daily giving involuntary proofs of their poetic capabilities. In Travellers and Tradesfolk in general we see the development of the *Fiction* of Poetry ;—in Shoemakers and Hosiers the measurement of *Feet* ;—in the daily cries of London its *Music* ;—in Children and Pantomimic Actors its *Cadence* ;—and even in the vulgarity of Swearers we discover the germs of *Sublime Invocation*.

The Lawyers seem most unaware of their poetical faculties, though they principally deal in Fiction. But it is apparently of that dry and systematic kind that few have recognised the relationship. It would be difficult to appropriate their Muse to any particular class of Poetry. We may not call it Didactic, because the ignorance of mankind will not allow its morality ;—nor Descriptive, for who can understand its terms ;—nor Humorous or Pathetic, unless we *look at its consequences*. It has, to be sure, a touch

of the Pastoral in Settlement Cases,—and of the Dramatic in the uncertainty of its issues :—but its language has hitherto been considered so forbidding, that the very nature of it has been always thought an antidote to poetic genius.

I wish to redeem the profession from this slander, —to sweeten the bitterness of the law,—to smoothe its excrescences,—and to render its expressions more musical ;—in short, to show that there is poetry in practice,—to make the study more pleasing to the student,—and the proceedings more attractive to the client.

Like the apothecary who dabbled in verse,

And took so much delight in 't,  
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't,—

I have determined to reduce the technicalities of the law into metre, and to correspond with my brethren in measured lines. I now send a specimen for your readers' amusement at Christmas ;—being a letter I lately addressed to an opposing brother, giving him notice of my intention to file a demurrer to some of his proceedings, written to the last tune in my head, —Tom Moore's "Oh! think not my spirits are always as light ;" and to enable you the better to judge of the parody, I add the original on the opposite page.

Yours,



## MOORE'S MELODY.

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,  
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now :  
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.  
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns !  
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile ;  
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,  
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,  
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !  
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined ;  
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose, [mind !  
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my  
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;  
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.  
But send round the bowl ; while a relic of truth  
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—  
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
*And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.*

---

## THE PARODY.

OH ! think not your pleadings are really so sly,  
 And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now,  
 For believe a Demurrer will certainly lie,  
 The return of to-morrow will quickly show how.  
 No, Law is a waste of impertinent reading,  
 Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils :  
 And the Lawyer who thinks he's the nicest in pleading,  
 Is likeliest far to be caught in its toils !  
 But, Brother Attorney ! how happy are we !  
 May we never meet worse in our practice of law,  
 Than the flaw a Demurrer can gild with a fee,  
 And the Fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw.  
  
 Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul !  
 If Equity did not to Law lend its aid :  
 And I care not how soon I am struck off the Roll,  
 When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid !  
 But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,  
 Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave ;  
 Even he who has revell'd in Chancery longest,  
 Is happy if always his Costs he can save.  
 But, my Brother in Law ! while a quarrelling germ  
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be ours,—  
 That Actions at Law may employ ev'ry Term,  
 And Equity Suits cheer Vacational hours.

---

A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

III.

INTERPLEADER.

IN REPLY TO A NOTE OF "REFRESHER" FROM A PROFESSIONAL BROTHER,  
REMINING THE AUTHOR OF A VERBAL INVITATION, PREVIOUSLY  
GIVEN, TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH HIM AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE.

---

Now know all men, I don't deny,  
In the confab we had between us,  
Of your demand upon me I  
Received due notice, *ore tenus*.

But I resolv'd, two hours ago,  
Ere of your Note I was a reader,  
To pen a line to let you know,  
I meant to file an Interpleader.

The Goods in question, (if I may  
So call my Body and its raiment,)  
Have been, upon the self-same day,  
*Demanded* by another claimant.

Now, as it's known to every dunce,  
I've not two bodies or two faces,  
I cannot, like a bird, at once  
Be present in two different places.

It following therefore that I must  
To one demandant make denial,  
I'll first my wig and robes adjust,  
And then proceed to take the Trial.

Now we'll suppose that we have heard  
The evidence and counsel's speeches ;  
While this one strokes his band and beard,  
And that one hitches up his breeches.

The Judges first talk o'er the Cause,  
While each to each his head he bounces  
And then the Chief, with hems and haws,  
The following Judgment thus pronounces :

“ New-claim, to prove not his the loss,  
A late Refresher now produces ;—  
But Hold-tight shows the Goods of Ross  
Have been assign'd to *prior uses*.

“ Now New-claim, as it seems to me,  
Against Hold-tight to show his grudge meant ;  
I fear too very much that he  
Intended thus to snap a Judgment.

“ For though the debtor Ross, he saw,  
To please both sides would be a gainer,  
He knew said Ross was bound by law,  
And must obey his first Retainer.

“ Yet we, as Ross was wrong, decide  
That he shall doubly pay the debt's worth ;  
And, when he's with the first complied,  
We grant a ' further day ' for PETSORTH.” \*

---

\* The name of the country-house.

## IV.

LAMENT OF AN UNDER-SHERIFF OF  
LONDON,

ON RETIRING AT THE TERMINATION OF HIS YEAR OF OFFICE.



ADIEU to my sword and my bag !  
 Adieu to my stiff-collar'd suit !  
 Adieu to my frill that is worn to a rag !  
 And adieu to my ruffles to boot !

No more shall my buckles so gay  
 Adorn or my knee or my shoe,  
 Nor my short indescribables ever display  
 Long stockings of silk to the view.

And you, faithful *chapeau-de-bras*,  
 Bid adieu to my arm and my lap ;  
 Sleep safely, for nothing thy slumber shall mar,  
 Till the moth puts an end to thy *nap*.

Adieu to my sheriff's gold chain !  
 To his scarlet and violet gown !  
 And his liv'ries which still all their brightness retain,  
 Though drench'd by the rain that came down.

Adieu to the Yeomen in blue,  
 Who walk by the wheels of my coach !  
 Ye Marshalmen all, oh ! receive my adieu,  
 Who cap me whene'er I approach !

My Corporate Brothers, farewell !  
 Solicitor, think on me yet !  
 Comptroller, be silent, if good you can't tell !  
 And Remembrancer, never forget !

Ye Second'ries, Counsel, and all  
 Ye Judges attached to the place,  
 And beloved Town Clerk, will you sometimes recal  
 Your ci-devant brother's long face ?

Common Sergeant, Recorder, and, oh !  
 Ye Aldermen each side the chair,  
 Accept of a parting expression of woe,  
 And adieu ! oh, adieu ! my lord May'r !

For the future the Mansion-house fêtes  
 Will in fancy my appetite mock,  
 With their Turtle, and Ven'son, and high-season'd cates,  
 Their Burgundy, Champagne, and Hock.

For to him I must add my adieus  
 Who to-morrow with chain shall be deck'd ;  
 How I grieve but to think on delights I shall lose,  
*When I part with my Lord Mayor elect.*

Our parting, I fancy with pain,  
 Will last to eternity's stretch !  
 Oh ! would I were sure it as long would remain,  
 When I utter adieu to Jack Ketch !

---

## V.

## THE SPORTING SCHOOLMASTER,

AGAINST WHOM PROCEEDINGS WERE TAKEN TO RECOVER PENALTIES  
 UNDER THE GAME LAWS.

---

No longer waste unlicensed shot and powder,  
 But learn thy bus'ness, pedagogue, and do 't,  
*Shoot* not thyself henceforward, but be prouder  
 To "teach the young idea how to *shoot*."

---

## VI.

## IN RETURN FOR THE PRESENT OF A SEAL,

ENGRAVED WITH THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE.

---

FOR Justice received, my dear ———, 'tis meet  
 That I should do Justice and send a receipt ;  
 Nor think I omit the most requisite part,  
 Though no stamp on my paper, there's one on my  
 heart.

---



## VII.

## BOUTS-RIMÉS,

FILLED UP BY THE AUTHOR ON THE EVE OF A LONG VACATION



FOR rural scenes I quit the legal	—court,
And now my purple bag shall cease to	—sport,
No longer arguing for a client's	—claim,
Retirement for myself my only	—aim.
Though Time won't rest, at least a lawyer	—must,
And change the London for the country	—dust,
Report no cases, but repeat a	—fable,
To the grave judges—of the dinner	—table.
No wooden form my seat, but easy	—chair,
Not one short hour for dinner, but a	—pair.

The burning sun, the breezy air will	—lend
Their aid my beauty and my health to	—mend :
Then will each maid to hear me be more	—willing,
And I, tho' wounded, have some chance of	—killing ;
Soon learn to thaw a momentary	—frost,
Nor sink with sorrow, tho' with frowns I'm	—crost,
But urge my suit with undiminish'd	—fire,
And gain her favour, while I risk her	—ire.

Desist, dull dreamer, never can I	—merit
<i>Charms such as thine, sweet maiden, to</i>	—inherit.

Yet ne'er canst thou, too careful of thy —fame,  
 My shadowy bliss, my dreaming rapture —blame,  
 Nor grudge those smiles, which in my sleep I—fancy,  
 Tho' when awake, thou dost refuse them, —Nancy.

But Hope still whispers, never at a —loss,  
 “ Tho' for a time the angry waves may —toss,  
 The storm will soon subside,—the batter'd —ship,  
 On smoother waters will more calmly —trip,  
 With prosp'rous gales, with safe return be —blest,  
 And for thy sorrows be the more —carest.”

Again too fervent ;—let me end the —measure,  
 And not enjoy, till I possess my —treasure.

## VIII.

## LEGAL PUNS.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING TOLD THAT HIS WRITTEN WERE BETTER THAN  
 HIS SPOKEN ONES.

You say that I better succeed when I joke,  
 In the puns I have penn'd, than in those I have spoke :  
 And I wonder the reason you never have hit,  
 That a lawyer is always at home with the *Writ*.

## IX.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY ABOUT TO BE MARRIED TO A  
GENTLEMAN OF SERJEANTS' INN.



WHY do you bring your book to me,  
With such a look to be so arch meant ?  
Your Album quite defaced would be  
With pens but used to write on Parchment.

Its page by me can ne'er be deck'd  
With feats of Heroes or of Martyrs ;  
Nor can you scenes of love expect,  
From one who's wrapt in Rolls and Charters.

At best you'd have some solemn sport  
Perform'd by Benchers or by Bar-gents,  
Within an ancient Inn of Court,—  
Or p'rhaps you would prefer the Serjeants'.

No,—here is no Castalian well,  
With lyrics, classical or funny ;  
Nor can you in my dusty cell  
Expect to gather Hybla honey.

Yet hints e'en in its darkest holes,  
May by incipient Wives be taken,—  
At least they learn to find the *Rolls*,  
*And with their Coke to dress their Bacon.*

## X.

## PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS.

ON THE SET OF QUESTIONS PROPOSED TO BE PUT TO EVERY YOUTH ABOUT  
TO BE ARTICLED: AS ORIGINALLY CIRCULATED BY THE LAW INSTI-  
TUTION.



“ AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar !”  
How hard your mind with crabbed rules to prime,  
Ere you can enter on litigious war.

How hard you can’t commence your life’s career,  
Nor even enter an Attorney’s den,—  
Altho’ you’ve been well school’d for many a year,—  
Unless you’ve learn’d to read, and hold your pen.

How hard you cannot pass, unless you parse,  
And know a noun from verb, and mind your stops ;  
Unless you can describe the town of Kars,  
And write an Essay upon Mutton Chops.\*

How hard, of numbers you should know the force,  
Of fractions too, thro’ all their “ vulgar ” wiles ;  
Of the “ Great Globe ” be able to discourse,  
Without omission of the *Scilly* Isles.

\* The unfortunate youths were to describe a town in Geography ; and  
to write an essay on a natural production.

How hard, the deeds of History to recount ;  
The " leading men " in " Council of the law ;"  
And harder still, commercial stool to mount,  
And keep the Ledger free from slightest flaw.

How hard, to know the Text in which to write,—  
Woe, if you make not up and down strokes well !—  
And, tho' your answers all show genius bright,  
You'll sure be pluck'd, if once you wrongly spell.

How hard again, oh ! terrible to speak !  
Of four strange languages to know the root :—  
As if your Bills and Answers were in Greek,  
And all your Clients foreigners to boot.

How hard, for leisure moments to provide,—  
For 'tis not needed to form legal stuff,—  
Old Euclid's " Asses' Bridge " to well bestride ;  
Learn Physics too :—here's Physic sure enough.

Boys of fifteen are to know all these,—  
So say the Masters, ere they will elect,—  
That is, they will themselves engross the fees,  
And future rivals, one and all, reject.

---

## PARAPHRASTIC.

---

### XI.

“De Paullâ, vetulâ, dotatâ.”—MARTIAL.

NUBERE Paula cupit nobis ; ego ducere Paullam  
Nolo—anus est—vellem si magis esset anus.

TRANSLATED.

Poll's a good match, and I am told  
That I might have her, were I bolder ;—  
But I decline her,—she's too old,—  
I might, indeed, if she were older.

---

### XII.

#### THE DAY'S EMPLOYMENT.

---

“Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quiesco.”—MARTIAL.

I BREAKFAST, lunch, and then I dine,  
And after dinner take my wine ;  
Before I go to bed I sup ;—  
Which takes me half the time I'm up.  
I dress, I read, I write, I laugh,  
Employing thus the other half.

---

## XIII.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MADAME DE  
MIREPOIX.

BY THE DUKE DE NIVERNOIS.

QUOI ! vous parlez de cheveux blancs !  
 Laissons, laissons, courir le temps ;  
 Que vous importe son ravage ?  
 Les Amours sont toujours enfans,  
 Et les Grâces sont de tout âge.

Pour moi, Themire, je le sens,  
 Je suis toujours dans mon printemps,  
 Quand je vous offre mon hommage.  
 Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans  
 Je pourrais aimer plus longtemps,  
 Mais non pas aimer davantage.

FREE TRANSLATION.

Why should complaints fall from thy tongue  
 That Time too quickly rages,  
 Since Love we know is always young,  
 The Graces of all ages ?

Though old, I feel but in my prime  
 While dangling in thy fetter ;—  
 If young,—I'd love a *longer* time,  
 But could not love thee *better*.

---

## XIV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN OF  
FRANCE.

BY THE BISHOP OF LISIEUX.



DELPHINUM juvenem rapuit mors invida. Quare ?  
Virtutes numerans, credidit esse senem.

## TRANSLATED.

The youthful Dauphin has resign'd his breath,  
Snatch'd from the world by that fell tyrant Death.  
Why was he taken in this early stage ?  
Death saw his virtues, and mistook his age.

## XV.

## ANOTHER.



WHY has invidious Death his javelin hurl'd,  
And the young Dauphin driven from the world ?  
He saw his virtues ev'ry heart engage,  
And thought his worth was equall'd by his age.





## XVI.

## FASHIONABLE UNDRESS.\*

EXPERS vestis erat mulier, dum criminis expers,  
 Peccat et induitur ;—vestis origo scelus !  
 Hinc nostræ oderunt vestemque scelusque puellæ ;—  
 Hinc sine labe putes, quam sine veste vides !

## PARAPHRASED.

Our mother Eve, while free from vice,  
 Was free from dress, and knew no harm in't ;  
 But when she sinn'd in Paradise,  
 'Twas then she first put on a garment.

That vice and dress each maid abhors,  
 No man of sense can think so odd is ;  
 Since sinning plainly was the cause  
 Of putting clothes upon their bodies.

Now, Ladies argue to the letter,  
 And thus excuse their want of dress ;—  
 They prove unblemish'd virtue better,  
 Who shew uncover'd nakedness.

\* When these lines were written, the argument was more applicable than at the present day, when virtue and decency are more strictly combined.

---

## XVII.

## IN SOMNUM.



SOMNE levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,  
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.  
 Alma quies, optata veni ! nam sic sine vitâ  
 Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori !

## TRANSLATED.

Come, gentle Sleep, tho' picture of the dead,  
 Be still the constant partner of my bed ;  
 For thus I die, yet still retain my breath,  
 And thus, tho' living, I resemble death.



## XVIII.

## THREE GODDESSES IN ONE.

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF HENRIETTE DE COLOGNY, COMTESSE DE LA SUZE, SITTING IN A TRIUMPHAL CAR ROLLING IN THE CLOUDS ;—  
 AND ADAPTED BY GENERAL FITZPATRICK TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE CANVASSING IN A CAR FOR CHARLES JAMES FOX.



QUÆ Dea sublimi vehitur per inania curru ?  
 An Juno ? an Pallas ? num Venus ipsa venit ?  
 Si genus aspicias, Juno ! si dicta, Minerva !  
 Si spectes oculos, mater Amoris erit !

TRANSLATED.

Does Juno, or does Pallas, grace that seat ?  
 Or is it Venus' self whom thus we meet ?  
 Juno in rank ! her words Minerva prove !  
 And in her eyes we see the Queen of Love !

---

XIX.

## LUKE THE EVANGELIST AND PHYSICIAN.

LUCAS Evangelii et medicinæ munera pandit ;  
 Artibus hinc, illinc Religione, valens :  
 Utilis ille labor, per quem vixere tot ægri,  
 Utilior, per quem tot didicere mori.

TRANSLATED.

Saint Luke to man a two-fold bounty gives,—  
 The art of medicine, and Religion's ties :  
 How useful that to soothe him while he lives ;—  
 More useful this to cheer him when he dies.

---

## XX.

## THE HALF-BLIND PAIR.

LATIN EPIGRAM ON LOIS DE MAGUIRON, A GREAT FAVOURITE OF HENRY III. OF FRANCE, THE MOST HANDSOME MAN OF HIS TIME, WHO LOST AN EYE AT THE SIEGE OF ISSONE;—AND THE PRINCESS OF EBOLI, THE BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN, WHO WAS DEPRIVED OF THE SIGHT OF ONE OF HER EYES.



LUMINE Acon dextro,—capta est Leonilla sinistro,—  
 Et poterat formâ vincere uterque deos :  
 Blande puer ! lumen quod habes concede sorori,  
 Sic tu cæcus AMOR, sic erat illa VENUS.

## PARAPHRASE.

Oh ! beauteous pair ! tho' each of eye bereft ;—  
 The youth his right laments, the maid her left ;—  
 Give her thine eye, sweet boy, 'twill both improve,—  
 She'll then be Queen,—and thou the God,—of Love.

## XXI.

## ANOTHER.



ACON, who'd lost his right eye in a battle,  
 Thus to Leonill, who'd lost her left, did prattle ;—  
 “ Tho' we have each but one side now to see on,  
 We've beauty still to charm the whole Pantheon :—  
 Take my remaining eye, and thus between us,  
 I'll become Cupid,—you a lovely Venus.”



## XXII.

RHYTHMICAL IMITATION OF THE EPISODE  
IN CATH-LODA.

OBSIAN'S POEMS, DUAN II.

WHY so much gloom around thy head,  
     Ithorno, 'midst the ridgy wave ?—  
 Thy vales the race of Colgorm tread,  
     A race as strong-wing'd Eagle brave.  
 In Tormouth's isle rose Lurthan hill,  
     O'er silent vallies bent its wood,  
 There at the source of Craruth's rill  
     The hall of hunting Rurmar stood ;  
     His daughter was fair  
     As sun-beams in air,  
     White-bosom'd Strina-dona.

Many a king of heroes came,  
     Many a chief of iron-shield,  
 Many a youth of birth and fame,  
     Came to Rurmar's echoing field ;  
 Warriors left their bloody trade  
     To sue for Strina-dona's smile,  
 They came to woo the lovely maid,  
     The stately huntress of the isle :—

But careless thine eye  
 On all who pass by,  
 High-bosom'd Strina-dona !

If on the tufted heath she mov'd,  
 Than Cana's\* down her breast more fair ;  
 Or if on sea-beat shore she rov'd,  
 Than foam of ocean mantling there :  
 Her eyes were two bright stars of light,  
 Her face was Heav'n's bow in show'rs,  
 Her hair flow'd round it, dark as night,  
 Like streaming clouds ere tempest low'rs.  
 How many a soul  
 Has felt thy control,  
 White-handed Strina-dona !

To Tormouth, Colgorm spread his sail,  
 And with his brother woo'd the maid ;  
 But black-ey'd Colgorm's words prevail :  
 Ullochlin † sees them in the shade.  
 With wrathful brow the brothers frown'd,  
 Their eyes flash'd fire,—they spoke no word,—  
 They struck their shields,—they turn'd around,—  
 Each hand was trembling on its sword ;—  
 With valorous might,  
 They rush'd to the fight,  
 For long-hair'd Strina-dona.

\* Cana—a grass with a tuft of down like cotton.

† Ullochlin—the night-star.

There Corcalsuran\* fell in gore :—  
His father rag'd with anger blind ;—  
Turn'd Colgorm from Ithorno's shore,  
To wander on the whistling wind.  
To Crathmo-craulo's rocky field  
By foreign streams he wander'd down,  
And smiles from Strina-dona yield  
Sweet solace for a father's frown :  
The maiden was near  
To wipe off his tear ;—  
Soft-hearted Strina-dona.

---

\* Colgorm's brother.

## JOCULAR.

---

XXIII.

### DANDIES—INDIAN AND EUROPEAN.

---

A DANDY in the Indies is  
A man who guides a boat ;\*—  
An English Dandy is a quiz,  
Whose pride is in his coat.

Tho' differing thus from top to toe,  
We may a likeness cull :—  
For, that for use, and this for show,  
Each has a *Wooden Skull*..

The Indian feathers his with art,  
To cope with wind and weather ;  
The Briton well performs his part,  
To prove his skull a feather.

There's but a simple sound to shew  
Their greatest difference now :—  
One shines the brightest in a *Row*,  
The other in a *Row*.

\* See Cox's Account of the Burman Empire.

---



XXIV.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK CARD SENT BY A LADY, TO BE FILLED UP WITH SOME VERSES, TO LIE ON A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE:—AN EXTINCT FRIVOLITY.



JANE'S card, when it arriv'd last night  
 At its intended destination,  
 I fancied first as well I might,  
 A challenge or an invitation.

But when I saw its stainless front,  
 Without a single word upon it,  
 For sev'ral hours I had to hunt  
 Her meaning, who I knew had done it.

At last I said, she wants a pack,  
 And sends me this to draw some pips on :  
 But I no ace could paint, alack !  
 E'en tho' a kiss she'd press my lips on.

And how can I design a *Spade*  
 Who nothing know but law proceeding ?  
 And then a *Club* to such a maid,  
 Who'd ever send with any breeding ?

*Di'monds* I've none, or, 'faith, I'd part  
 With all to so divine a lady;—  
 And can I send another *Heart*,  
 When she possesses mine already ?

---

## XXV.

## THANKS DELAYED,

FOR A PRESENT WHICH A FRIEND HAD SENT OF HIS EDITION OF  
 "COOK'S VOYAGES;" WITH A HAM.

---

Tho' silent, believe not my gratitude damp'd,  
 Nor attribute my error, dear William, to malice,  
 And think not your leg of a pig has decamp'd,  
 Nor lost are your *Voyages* publish'd by Tallis.

Tho' it proves what a reprobate fellow I am,  
 I own I've receiv'd both the Pork and the Book,  
 And ought sooner t've offer'd my thanks for the Ham,  
 Since with it you sent such an excellent Cook.

My thanks for your presents I'll drink in my cup;—  
 And may they with different measure be serv'd;—  
 May the Ham, not the Book, be completely cut up;—  
 And the Book, not the Ham, be for ever preserv'd.

---

## XXVI.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL DIFFICULTY.

ON BEING INVITED AT THE SAME TIME TO JOIN THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, REPRESENTED BY MR. THOMAS *WRIGHT*, AND THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, REPRESENTED BY MR. ALBERT *WAY*.



I'm perplex'd with two letters that reach'd me last  
 night,  
 And am puzzl'd what I am to say ;  
 I'm elected an Archæological Knight,—  
 But the Records *two* Temples display :—  
 If this *Way* I take, shall I go to the *W-right* ?  
 If that, shall I take the *Wright Way* ?



## XXVII.

A WARLIKE APPLICATION FROM THE  
CLASSICS.

ON THE RUSSIAN CANNON-BALLS AT SEBASTOPOI. BEING COLLECTED FOR  
 OUR OWN ARTILLERY.



WHEN the shot of the Russ that were strew'd o'er the  
 plain,  
 Were us'd by our Gunners to fire back again,  
 A sub just from school exclaim'd with some spunk,  
 "*Suo sibi gladio jugulo hunc !*"



## XXVIII.

## THE DANCING BARD.

ON SOME MISERABLE VERSES SENT TO ONE OF THE GIVERS OF A  
"BACHELORS' BALL."

THE Rhymester is angry he was not invited  
To foot it away at the "Bachelors' treat ;"  
But if we may judge from the verse he's indited,  
How awkwardly would he have manag'd his *feet* !

As Dancer or Bard let him never appear ;—  
I advise him in kindness without any rigour ;—  
He sadly would blunder for want of an *ear*,  
And has not, alas, an idea of a *figure*.

## XXIX.

ON READING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE  
MARRIAGE OF A MISS HUSBAND.

THE strangest metamorphosis in life !  
That thus a Husband should become a Wife ;  
And be contented with a silent vote,  
Changing the breeches for the petticoat.  
Perchance the Bridegroom while he holds the charms  
Of this his female Husband in his arms,  
Dreads a new change, and piously beseeches  
That she may never reassume the Breeches !

XXX.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

(Metrically paraphrased) that appeared in the Morning Chronicle, entitled "*Every Lady her own Dyer for Ball Dresses,*" in which *Madame A. Story*, Patent French Dyeing Ball Manufacturer, from Paris, denies the Reports that she was dead or had left England.



By malicious Reports are the public misled,  
That assert I've left England, or, worse, that I'm dead.  
It therefore becomes most important to say,  
That I still *live* in London, and *dye* ev'ry day.

May I venture the public attention to call,  
That a Ball for a dress makes a Dress for a Ball?  
And since by my Balls all may dye who are willing,  
It is surely no wonder my dresses are *killing*.

They say that I'm dead for the sake of my pelf,  
But in future each Lady may dye for herself:  
Should then the Report be again laid before ye,  
Believe it's a *lie*,—and that I am—

A. STORY.

---

XXXI.

## GREEK EPIGRAM.



Two Gentlemen, sitting one night by the fire,  
 Discussing the politic news of the shire,  
 Their chat grew so dull that their eyes 'gan to wink,  
 Yet both were unwilling to move or to drink.  
 The Landlord, however, soon wishing for rest,  
 Said, pushing the brandy across to his guest,  
 "Come, let us do something the moments to pass ;  
 You must take your candle, or else fill your glass."  
 "No," answered his guest, who in Greek was not  
 shallow,  
 "Oh ! no,—*ουδε τοδε*, my friend, *ουδε τ'αλλο*."

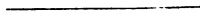
XXXII.

## THE STOLEN WIG.

ON THE COMMITTAL OF GEORGE POWLES FOR STEALING BARON  
 ALDERSON'S WIG.



WHY should the Baron's loss make people stare ?  
 George took the Wig to decorate his jowls :  
 He claim'd his own,—it suited to a hair,—  
 For who'll deny that Wigs were made for *Polls*.



## XXXIII.

## PROPOSED EPITAPH

ON A SCHOOLMASTER,—A RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN, A MURDERER OF  
ANECDOTES, AND A CONCOCTER OF MISERABLE PUNS.

---

ALAS ! poor —— ! no more shalt thou enjoy  
To sport Joe Miller,—nor to whip a boy,—  
Who each thy exit from these regions hails,  
For both by thee have suffer'd in their *tails*.

---

## XXXIV.

ANOTHER, IN HIS OWN PUNNING STYLE.

---

HERE lies Tom ——, Schoolmaster :—  
His pupils cry out “Sleep on !  
That *weapon's* now at rest,  
Which oft has made us *weep on* :—  
Let's run away, my lads,  
We hope his grave's a deep one,  
Lest he should rise and flog us,  
So very badly *we pun*.”

---

XXXV.

## GREEK AND ENGLISH IDENTITY.

On the story of Diogenes and Didymus, in which the word *ματην*, signifying the pupil of the eye, and a virgin, is played upon, being repeated by the schoolmaster above lamented.



YOUR Grecian narration no wonder unfolds,  
 For in English the same similarity holds :  
 Thus the *pupils* of school, and the eye, often clash,  
 And always with you both are *under the lash*.



XXXVI.

## WITH A PRESENT FROM THE AUTHOR

OF A MEMORANDUM BOOK AND ALMANACK, ACCOMPANYING ONE OF PENS  
 FROM HIS WIFE.



You find from what my careful wife has sent,  
 That she presumes you're fond of writing letters,  
 And that her vast supply of pens is meant  
 To make your host of correspondents debtors.

Now "Memoranda" all such works require ;—  
 I therefore add a Book in which to state them,  
 And to make all quite perfect and entire,  
 It holds a Calendar of Time to date them.



Thus may a paradox be sometimes true :—  
 Tho' Time was *heretofore* so light and airy,  
 It fled too quickly to be kept in view,—  
 You'll own the *present* to be stationary.

---

## XXXVII.

## PLATED GOODS.

SAYS Hob to the Squire, "I've often been told,  
 There's nothing in London but Silver and Gold."  
 "Not so," says the Squire, "don't believe all that's  
 stated ;—  
 You'll find ev'ry Coach, Cab, and Omnibus, *plated*."

---

## XXXVIII.

## TO A LADY

WHOSE EYEGLASS THE AUTHOR TOOK AWAY.

---

You say I'm a thief,—you are worse, I reply,  
 I stolé but an eye-glass,—you steal ev'ry eye.

---

XXXIX.

## INVITATION DECLINED

TO A FRIEND'S HOUSE TO PLAY A RUBBER.

My dear Mr. ———,  
 I can't come at all,  
 For I'm ask'd to a ball  
 By our friend Mrs. ———

I don't want the will,  
 For I could not resist  
 A good game of *Whist*,—  
 If it weren't for *Quadrille*.

I'd rejoice, could it suit,  
 To *shuffle a hand*;—  
 But you'll understand  
 I must *shuffle a foot*.

But you'll see at a glance,  
 I could naught have to say  
 To a *Partner at play*,—  
 With a *Partner to dance*.

I could ne'er more be seen,  
If I thus were to jump  
From a *heart* to a *trump*,  
And be *Knave* to my *Queen*.

They would call me a brute,  
Were I now to revoke,—  
And one of those folk,  
Who don't *follow their Suit*.

Some opprobrious name  
On me they would fix ;—  
And declare by *odd tricks*  
I could *not* win the game.

So, I pray, look around  
For some graver friend ;—  
Who I'm sure in the end,  
Will be easily found.

---

## XL.

## TO TWO LADIES,

IN RETURN FOR SOME DATES.



ACCEPT, sweet pair, thanks due from me ;—  
 Your dates in high esteem I hold.  
 The Palm appears the fav'rite tree  
 With Ladies now, as 'twas of old.

Her Hero from the war return'd,  
 The nymph would listen to his vow,  
 Would twine the wreath of Palm he earn'd,  
 And place it on the victor's brow.

Let him enjoy the crown she weaves ;—  
 My higher boast none dare dispute ;—  
 Her boon was but composed of *leaves*,  
 While that I value is the *fruit*.



## XLI.

## DEFINITION OF A PUN.



WHY a pun to define do they make so much pother ?  
 'Tis but to say one thing, while meaning another.  
 And the truth of this axiom the way to decide is,  
 By rememb'ring its origin—*Pun-ica fides*.



## CHARADES.

XLII.

## ON A LADY'S NAME.



My *first* is a scene which conveys  
 Unbounded extent to the mind ;  
 Yet its seeming inscrutable ways  
 With the point of a needle we find.

My *second's* a barbarous trade,  
 And they who its chances defy,  
 For exposing their persons are paid,  
 And thus get a living—to die.

What a contrast my *third* to the two,  
 Which my verse has depicted above !  
 'Tis a circle but trifling to view,—  
 'Tis the tie of reciprocal love.

Pronounce them together, the name  
 Of a sweet-temper'd maid will be heard,  
 Which will ever continue the same  
 Till she puts on her finger my *third*.



## XLIII.

## TO A LADY IN COMPANY.

MY first is a conqueror's seat ;  
 My second a sufferer's cry ;  
 My third to the absent is sweet ;  
 And my whole to the present is nigh.

---

## XLIV.

BY using my first you avoid making stains ;—  
 My second is found among grasses and grains ;—  
 My third, when possess'd, oft bewilders our pates ;—  
 And my whole's one among th' United States.

---

## XLV.

MY first is of beer the receptacle ;  
 My second's a pleasant retreat ;  
 My whole assists much at a spectacle  
 Even tho' with an odour not sweet.

---

## XLVI.

TO A LADY, WHOSE PENMANSHIP WAS  
NOT EXCELLENT.

---

My first a dog will never be ;  
Nor can a woman be my next ;  
My third falls in the German sea ;  
My whole falls out with German Text.

---

## XLVII.

My first may be seen in the moon,  
My next in the midst of the day :  
But what of my whole shall I say ?  
To a maiden its syllables tune,  
While its letters a mother display.

---

## XLVIII.

In ev'ry shop my first is found ;  
No lady tells my second ;  
Without my whole no British ground  
Productive would be reckon'd.

---

## XLIX.

## TO A BOY AT SCHOOL.



MY *first* to keep off cold and heat,  
To shield from water and from fire,  
Now under, now above, the feet,  
We all, for show or use, require.

When love attracts, when wise men speak,  
When music charms, when hearts are gay,  
To be my *second* all will seek,  
And it is never far away.

MY *whole's* a scene of grief or joy,  
As you pursue your early plan ;—  
Disgrace or triumph to the boy,—  
Regret or pleasure to the man.

---



## JUVENILE.

---

L.

### SONNET.

---

CAN anger really dwell in Enna's breast  
That I, presumptuous p'rhaps, my voice should raise  
To sing her virtues and record her praise ;—  
And that my admiration I express'd,  
And to her ear with diffidence address'd  
The faithful picture which my verse portrays :—  
And must I number those as hapless days,  
Which own'd the feelings by my heart confess'd ?

While simple nature pleases more than art,  
And truth to falsehood is by man preferr'd ;  
While sense and feeling captivate the heart,  
Thine anger, Enna, still must be incurr'd :—  
His taste and judgment would not all dispute,  
Who could observe thy virtues, and be mute ?

---

## LI.

## CONTENT.



WHERE the low branches of a willow spread  
A weeping arch that hid me from the sun,  
Upon the turf I laid my musing head,  
And thus my unaffected lay begun :

“Divine Content, thy pleasures let me taste,  
And tranquillise my once aspiring breast ;  
On thee let all my hopes of joy be plac'd,—  
For fame and riches give me peace and rest.

“Let the ambitious struggle with the crowd,  
And aim at honours much too high for me :  
I envy not the glitter of the proud,  
But all I seek is sweet serenity.

“To some retirement quickly let me fly,  
From hurried pleasures and from scenes of strife ;  
Thy pow'r alone shall ev'ry want supply,  
And calm the future moments of my life.

“A modest cottage on some distant spot,  
By nature favour'd, and improv'd by art,  
With one companion to partake my lot,  
And with her counsel to direct my heart.

“One with a temper not her passion’s slave,  
With thoughts and feelings similar to mine ;  
Gay without folly, without dulness grave,  
And with the pow’r, though not the wish, to shine.

“Whose cheeks with smiles in time of joy would glow,  
Whose eyes with tears participate my grief ;  
Who in her heart would feel another’s woe,  
And with her hand administer relief.

“In short, I’d have her affable and kind,  
Her heart as warm as I believe my own ;—  
If such an earthly treasure I should find,  
I’d not exchange my cottage for a throne.

“There would I dwell with happiness and her,  
And thou, Content, should in our cottage live ;—  
I’d claim no praise which she could not confer,  
Nor need a pleasure which thou couldst not give.”

---

LII.

FANCY.



METHOUGHT I heard my Rosa's voice  
 Glide o'er the passing wind ;  
 In sweetest tones it said " Rejoice,  
 " Your Rosa's not unkind."

Methought I saw my Rosa's eye  
 On me in kindness turn'd ;—  
 New fervor did its beams supply  
 To what already burn'd.

Upon her cheek I saw a smile,  
 Which shew'd her dimples there,  
 It made me happy for awhile,  
 And bade me not despair.

How vain !—Imagination's eye  
 Gives joy its amplest scope ;  
 In wishes we each want supply,  
 And fancy what we hope.



## LIII.

## ABSENCE.



CAN Absence e'er sever the tie  
That binds my dear Rosa to me ?  
Can the glance of another girl's eye  
E'er steal my affection from thee ?

Is thine image, which all must own fair,  
So slightly impress'd on my heart,  
To rule but a short moment there,  
And then like a shadow depart ?

No ! the charms of your person and mind,  
Which, when you are present, I view,  
In your absence, I fail not to find  
On the picture my memory drew.

For my heart is not one of the streams,  
Where shadows transparently play,  
Yet lose the faint semblance that gleams  
As soon as the object's away :

Nor my love a vague form on the sand,  
Which may be dispers'd by the wave ;—  
'Tis Nature that bids it expand,  
And gives it no end but the grave.

---

## LIV.

## CONFIDENCE.



SAY, Rosa, are the whispers true,  
Which grieve my heart to hear,  
That while I weep the loss of you,  
You smile at sorrow's tear ?  
Ah ! can the promises you made  
So soon decay, so quickly fade ?

And can you from your mind dismiss  
The moments we have pass'd ;  
Or find, amid your present bliss,  
One sweeter than our last ;  
When leaning on each other's breast,  
We vows exchang'd and love confess'd ?

No, Rosa, I'll the tale deny ;  
That sigh, that starting tear,  
Which stole at parting from your eye,  
Were proofs you were sincere.  
To envious babblers I'll declare  
That you are faithful as you're fair.

---

LV.

## RESOLUTION.



*Tune*—"Away with this pouting and sadness."

No more of this idle complaining,—  
 Her frowns have effected a cure ;—  
 By Heav'n ! there is no sustaining  
 The trials she'd have me endure.  
 No longer my bosom's tormentor,  
 She some other victim may find ;  
 I'll claim ev'ry vow that I *lent* her,  
 To *give* to a maiden more kind.

Why should I continue addresses  
 To one so immoveably cold ?  
 I might as well waste my caresses  
 On marble of elegant mould.  
 But another dear girl will repay me  
 For all I have suffer'd from this,  
 Who ne'er with a frown will dismay me,  
 Nor prudishly start at a kiss.

And she I've determin'd on leaving,  
 My conduct can never revile ;  
 For laughing's much better than grieving,  
 And frowns not so sweet as a smile.

The coldness with which she has chosen  
 To clothe ev'ry look she confers,  
 So firmly my bosom has frozen,  
 That now mine's as icy as hers.

---

LVI.

RECOLLECTIONS.

ABSENT from my lovely maid,  
 In my heart I view her ;  
 Though her charms in distance fade,  
 Fancy paints them truer.

Mem'ry's retrospective eye  
 Opes a secret treasure ;—  
 To my mind its stores supply  
 Recollected pleasure.

Ev'ry motion she had made,  
 Which my heart elated ;  
 Ev'ry glance I thought betray'd  
 That I was not hated ;

Ev'ry sigh I thought I heard  
 From her bosom rising,—  
 Sweeter than the kindest word,—  
 All her soul comprising ;—



When her gentle hand I press'd  
How I felt hers pressing,—  
As I'd ask'd her to be bless'd,  
Then receiv'd her blessing.

In the path where oft she stray'd,  
There I seem to meet her ;  
Hear each word her voice convey'd,—  
None e'er heard a sweeter ;—

All that happen'd to my sight,  
Comes without confusion ;  
Ev'ry scene that caus'd delight  
Fills the sweet illusion !

Yet, when soon to meet again,  
How my courage falter'd :—  
Perhaps to find th' illusion vain,  
And her favour alter'd !

But she came ;—my faithful maid  
From each fear reliev'd me ;—  
Fancy nought but Truth portray'd,  
Nor Memory deceiv'd me.

---

## LVII.

## REMONSTRANCE

TO A LADY WHO WOULD NOT TELL THE AUTHOR HER BIRTHDAY ; AND  
WHO USED LAUGHINGLY TO INSTRUCT HIM IN THE ART OF MAKING  
LOVE.

---

So, Lady, the moment is pass'd,  
Which reviv'd recollections of birth,  
When your lot for the future was cast,  
And you made a tenant of earth.

Why would you not tell me the day ?  
I should but have whisper'd a word,  
Which it need not have sham'd me to say,  
Nor have mortified you to have heard.

I should but have wish'd in your ear,  
A frequent renewal of bliss ;—  
That you still might enjoy ev'ry year  
The pleasures you tasted in this.

Yet I p'rhaps might have added I thought  
A tribute of gratitude due,  
For the lessons of love you had taught,  
For lessons I long to renew.

But teaching, oh ! learn to beware,  
Lest too quick a progress be made ;  
Lest your pupil be caught in a snare,  
You never suspected was laid.

---

## LVIII.

TO A LADY'S FAN.  
—♦—

Go, happy Fan, the fair attend,  
Exert thy most refreshing pow'r,—  
Her close companion, constant friend,  
In saddest, and in gayest, hour.

When tales of woe salute her ear,  
Whene'er the sons of mis'ry speak,  
Screen from rude eyes the starting tear,  
That steals down gentle Pity's cheek.

When press'd too closely by the crowd,  
Avert the stranger's shameless glance ;  
And think thy situation proud,  
When joining in the mazy dance.

There, while thy slender form she holds,  
Thy silver edge she p'rhaps may kiss ;—  
Then, waft her with extended folds,  
In gratitude for so much bliss.

Whene'er she soars on Pleasure's wings,  
The breath of Flatt'ry chase away ;—  
And hint, you both are fickle things,  
That live, and flutter, but a day.

---

LIX.

ON A BROKEN FAN.  


THY pow'r is gone, unhappy Fan,  
Light, flutt'ring instrument, farewell !  
Yet since thy fall was caus'd by man,  
Let man thy luckless fortune tell.

But tongue can ne'er thy sorrows speak ;—  
Ordain'd by Fate's severe command,  
No more to cool a virgin's cheek,  
No more to grace a maiden's hand.

No more the whisper to conceal,  
Nor, when by favour'd youth address'd,  
To hide the blush that might reveal  
A passion lurking in the breast.

Unnotic'd must thou now remain,  
And yield to happier fans thy place,  
Which in their turn will p'rhaps complain,  
If they should suffer thy disgrace.

Yet think not thine a cruel end,—  
Since such is mortal's frequent lot ;—  
For when of no more use, a friend  
Is laid aside, and soon forgot.

---

## LX.

## THE USE OF A FAN.



WHAT is a fan for ?—'Tis for show,  
 Of iv'ry cut,—with spangles shining,—  
 When wafted idly to and fro,—  
 Or when upon the arm reclining.

Yet still its uses are not few,  
 But with quick occasion vary ;—  
 Fancy within its folds might view  
 The lady's Genius or Fairy.

During the labours of a night,  
 When rais'd to cool their glowing faces,  
 It often shews a hand so white,  
 That shames the iv'ry it embraces.

'Tis useful too—to twirl and twist,  
 When beaux around them softly flatter,  
 And carelessly to pat the wrist,  
 As if they thought not of the matter.

A cunning smile,—a starting tear,—  
 Its folds are ready at concealing ;—  
 And Chloe's smile when Strephon's near  
 Might else too soon betray her feeling.

When busy secrets buz around,  
'Twill hide the lips in whispers moving,  
And when in formal circles found,  
Fatigue,—a mouth extended proving.

Tho' failing ev'ry other use,  
It still the heated air disperses ;  
And on occasion can produce  
A subject for a rhymer's verses.

---

## DRAMATIC.

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LXI.

### ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY THE MANAGER AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE AT  
HASTINGS, ERECTED IN 1825, INSTEAD OF THE BARN PREVIOUSLY  
USED.

---

WHAT Briton does not feel his pride increase,  
Who views around the rip'ning fruits of Peace !  
Who sees that Spirit, which has never fail'd,  
When dangers threaten'd, or when foes assail'd,  
Devoted now,—all obstacles subdued,—  
To mighty projects of internal good !  
What heart but glows, when plans by Genius trac'd,  
By Science foster'd, and improv'd by Taste,  
O'er ev'ry quarter where he turns his eyes,  
In quick and glorious succession rise ;—  
Marks of the mind that animates the will,  
Alike, in Peace or War, triumphant still.

While we around such bright examples see,  
*Shall we betray a want of energy ?*

Shall we who strut about in fancied pow'r  
 The mimic heroes of too short an hour,—  
 Who change our natures when we change our clothes,  
 And in our greatness half forget our woes,—  
 Shall we with lowliness be satisfied,  
 Nor have a mansion equal to our pride !  
 Sham'd from our humble dwelling we retire :—  
 If Temples, Crescents, and Bazaars aspire,  
 Why should not we commence a new career ?  
 —Improvement's spirit shall not languish here !

Behold us then, by these inducements mov'd—  
 Too patriotic to be disapprov'd—  
 With fears, that make us tremble for our fate—  
 With hopes, that tend those fears to dissipate,  
 Hopes, that your former kindnesses impart,  
 —Sweet recollections to a grateful heart—  
 Hopes, that your present aid makes still more sure,  
 And seem the brightest prospects to secure.

Encourag'd thus, oh ! may we ever show  
 To such protectors all the thanks we owe !  
 Ne'er may the scenes we offer to your sight  
 Offend one feeling, or one blush excite ;  
 With Humour's aid may smiles be frequent here,—  
 At Pity's call the sympathetic tear ;  
 Nor vain our humble efforts be to chuse  
 The choicest flowers of the Drama's muse,



Or, while we illustrate her purest lays,—  
To prove *our* Gratitude, and earn *your* Praise.

And Ye,—the critics of a wider field,—  
Who seek the health o'er purer breezes yield,  
Us'd to frequent more classic domes than ours,  
To witness gaudier scenes, sublimer pow'rs,—  
Expect not *all* the excellence you prize,  
Nor that which we exhibit quite despise.  
Remember whence your choicest fav'rites came ;—  
Were they not nurtur'd in provincial fame ?  
From rural judges they drew plaudits down,  
Long ere they earn'd the thunders of the town.  
Then may not destin'd Stars that twinkle here  
Blaze soon with splendour in a brighter sphere ?

O'ercloud not then the lustre of this hour,  
Nor crush a *Bud* lest you destroy a *Flow'r* ;—  
Of useless fears at once our minds divest,  
And be contented if we do our best.

---

LXII.

## PROLOGUE

INTENDED FOR A COMEDY PRODUCED BY MRS. GORE DURING THE  
DEBATES THE ON REFORM BILL.

---

LADIES and Gentlemen ! in me regard  
A Female Agent for a Female Bard,—  
Who boldly stands, regardless of the storm,  
An Advocate for—Radical Reform.  
How can she think upon that glorious age,  
When simple Nature triumph'd on the Stage,  
When none but genuine feelings claim'd a right  
To move you here, nor Wit refus'd her light,  
When patriot authors felt an honest pride  
A patriot people's pleasure to provide,—  
Without regret to see those triumphs pass,  
Old Comedy degenerate to Farce,  
And scenic Ministers their pow'r bestow  
On gaudy pageants and on empty show,  
While Genius, not as erst without a fear,  
Tho' claiming audience, be refus'd an ear ?

Will you complain of one, who would once more  
Attempt your ancient glories to restore ?

Will you refuse,—altho' she comes so late,  
 Your Vote and Int'rest for my Candidate ?  
 Oh no ! for with your kind applause she'll warm,  
 And still make further efforts to Reform ;  
 Discard the rotten system,—and insure  
*Representation* to be here quite pure ;  
 Deprive usurper Folly of the helm,  
 And drive Corruption from our scenic realm.  
 She'll promise too a vote,—for I have told her  
 To print her play—to ev'ry Copy-holder ;—  
 Enlarge your franchise, give to each a choice,  
 Till managers obey the people's voice.

Pray, Sir, why frown you so at what I'm saying,—  
 You in the Pit there with your whiskers playing ?  
 You seem to feel a very great alarm.  
 At woman's politics ;—but where's the harm ?  
 Is it not time think you to make a stand,  
 Nor longer to submit to man's command,  
 When all that they have done for ages past  
 Is found to need a grand Reform at last ?

Ladies ! let's rise, 'tis time that we resist,  
 And shew that excellence which they have miss'd.  
 With female guides what nation can feel terror ?—  
 And we'll ne'er own it,—though we are in error.  
 We'll shew you Ways and Means to serve the State,  
 And make you men acknowledge we are great ;—

Kneel for our favour,—stoop for our caress,—  
And think our nod your greatest happiness.

But, ere I overturn your projects sinister,  
Let me remember I'm not yet Prime Minister ;  
But a petitioner for your support  
To the fair Claimant on our little Court.  
If she has touch'd your hearts,—has drawn a tear,—  
Or rais'd a laugh,—you'll give her welcome here ;—  
If she's sustain'd the ancient Drama's laws,—  
Th' attempt, tho' not the deed, will plead her cause ;—  
And if some trifling error you should find,—  
Remember she's a woman,—and be kind.

---

LXIII.

## PROLOGUE

TO A JUVENILE PERFORMANCE OF "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT CHRISTMAS.

—◆—

IF Birds and Beasts  
May have their Feasts,  
And eat and drink their fill ;—  
If Insects small  
May have their Ball,  
As ev'ry Butterfly will ;—

Sure we may meet  
And have our treat,  
Our frolic and our play ;  
Eat sugar'd bun,  
And in our fun  
May join as well as they.

If Mice may sing  
Like birds on wing ;—  
If Learned Pigs may teach ;—  
If Monkeys chose  
To wear men's clothes,  
And Ravens learn'd to preach ;

If Parrots seek  
Like men to speak,  
And Cats to write their wills ;  
If Dogs and Bears  
Learn dancing airs,  
And Horses walk quadrilles :

If facts like these  
You mortals please,  
When thus perform'd by brutes ;—  
You won't condemn  
Our copying them,  
In playing " Puss in Boots."

Then should our scene  
Disperse your spleen,  
And merit your applause,  
Your voices raise  
To purr your praise,  
And clap your little paws.

---

## LXIV.

## PARODY.

—◆—  
 “To be or not to be.”—SHAKESPEARE.

To laugh or not to laugh :—that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of unfeeling quizzers,  
 Or to put frowns upon a brow of sorrows,  
 And with ill-nature meet them ?—

A frown will check,—

No more—and by a check to put an end  
 To torments, and the thousand pangs which all  
 Their scoffs occasion, is a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. A frown will check ;—  
 Will check ! perchance too much ;—ah ! there's the  
 rub !—

For from that frown what consequence may rise,  
 By thus restraining what a friend may claim,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 Which makes us suffer impudence so long :  
 For who would bear the forc'd attempts at wit,  
 The punster's joke, the rich man's lengthen'd tale,  
*The sneers at lovers' pangs, the low conceit,*

The insolence of freedom, and the taunts  
That quiet spirits of the saucy take,—  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a mere motion? Who would rudeness bear  
To fret and fume beneath the galling weight,  
But that the dread of something worse than all  
(A dreary solitude, without one friend  
To share our sorrows) puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather smile at what we hate,  
Than risk incurring what we so much fear.  
Thus int'rest does make gigglers of us all,  
And thus the better part of independence  
Is thrown aside to live with gay companions ;  
And social men thus trifle with opinion,  
Till soon, accustom'd to give way for comfort,  
They lose the pow'r of thinking.

---



## VOCAL.

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LXV.

SONG.

WRITTEN TO A GERMAN MELODY.

---

THOUGH poor, I'd banish care,  
Nor, Rosa, once repine,  
If you'd my little fortune share,  
And make that little thine:

What are the joys of wealth,  
To those by us possess'd !  
With exercise we'd purchase health,  
With labour sweeten rest !

To all the world we'd prove  
Our store could ne'er be spent,  
We'd taste no luxury but Love,  
No plenty but Content !

---

## LXVI.

THE SONG OF HOPE.  
—◆—

“ FLY before me, black Despair,—  
’Tis my turn to triumph now ;—  
From each heart I’ll banish care,  
And with joy surround each brow :—  
I am Hope, whose ample wing  
Gives support to soaring Love,  
From my balmy influence spring  
Joys all other joys above.

“ I can wipe away the tear  
Flowing from Affliction’s eye ;—  
Make a promise seem sincere,  
And the frowns of Want defy ;—  
I can lighten Slav’ry’s chains  
By the comforts which I bring ;—  
Disappointment’s galling pains  
In my presence lose their sting.

“ Wretches but thro’ me endure  
Sorrow’s pangs without complaint ;  
Fancied joys their torments cure,  
Distant prospects which I paint.  
Mortals all my bounty share,  
All before my altar bow ;  
From each heart I banish care,  
And with joy surround each brow.”

---

LXVII.

## HURRIED MEETINGS.

To the tune "Tell her I love her."



STAY yet one minute  
Ere you fly away,  
Old Time shall win it  
From some tedious day.

Sad were our sorrow  
To be doom'd to sigh,  
After "Good Morrow,"  
So soon "Good Bye."

Why are you going ?  
Do not fly so fast ;—  
This is but shewing  
Pleasure not to last.

What bliss in meeting,  
If we join so near,  
With smiles of greeting,  
The parting tear ?

---

## LXVIII.

## WHEN MARY'S EYES.



WHEN Mary's eyes—When Mary's eyes  
First open in the morning,  
The very flies—The very flies  
Escape behind the awning.

They cannot bear—They cannot bear,  
While looking thus on Mary,  
The dazzling glare—The dazzling glare  
Of such a luminary.

And till they think—And till they think  
Those brilliant eyes are closing,  
They watch and wink—They watch and wink,  
And wait till she is dozing.

But in her sleep—But in her sleep  
They love the glossy surface,  
And softly creep—And softly creep  
O'er ev'ry part of her face.

Each charm they seek—Each charm they seek  
Of beauty's rare profusion,  
Nor brow, nor cheek—Nor brow, nor cheek,  
Nor dimple 'scapes intrusion.

E'en to her eye—E'en to her eye  
Some bold one freely dashes,  
And dares defy—And dares defy  
Its long and threat'ning lashes.

And on her lip,—And on her lip,  
Their roving don't affect her,  
Altho' they sip—Altho' they sip  
Its most delicious nectar.

Then close thy lid,—Then close thy lid,—  
Divinest Mary, pray do,—  
And don't forbid—And don't forbid  
My lips to stray as they do.

---

## LXIX.

## THE ROSE REFUSED,

LEST IT SHOULD BE THOUGHT A DECLARATION OF LOVE.



So you would not, dear Girl, pluck the bud from the  
bough,

Nor put so expressive a Rose in my pow'r,  
Lest I should conceive you had pledg'd me your vow,  
At the time that your hand had presented the flow'r.

That I thought it a comical reason, I own,  
For a Rose has been given by many a friend,  
Who, if she the serious meaning had known,  
Had retracted an offer she did not intend.

You will say that the Rose is an emblem of Love :—  
Yet I dare not consider the argument good ;—  
For if you too close a similitude prove,  
It will not, I fear, last so long as it should.

The Rose that you gather would die in a day,  
Its bloom would depart, and its beauty would  
fade :—

Yet Love, sure, can never so quickly decay,  
Nor a promise, once giv'n, so soon be betray'd.

You refus'd it, 'tis true ;—yet I ought not to grieve,  
But should rather rejoice in the course that you  
chose ;—  
Since it proves that you hope I may never receive  
An off'ring of love, that would fade like a Rose.

No—may I a harvest more provident reap,  
And the vow of the maid, who shall pledge it to me,  
May it all but the Rose's mortality keep,  
And be sweet as the *Flow'r*, but last like the *Tree*.

---

LXX.

## THE STOLEN ROSE-BUD.



AN elegant bud of a Rose  
On Margaret's bosom reclin'd,—  
Her cheeks all its beauties disclose,  
In her lips all its sweets are combin'd.

Young Edwin, who longing survey'd  
Its charms as it lay on the shrine,  
With freedom addressing the maid,  
Said, "Lady, this bud must be mine."

'Twas a pity, 'twas worse, 'twas a sin,  
Such an elegant Rose to displace  
From the sweet situation 'twas in,  
From a bow'r of beauty and grace.

He took it,—yet felt some remorse,  
Such pleasing companions to part,  
And, using a delicate force,  
He plac'd the bud next to his heart.

There, clinging too closely, he found  
The Rose, which began to give pain,  
Had made an impression—a wound—  
Which he fear'd, yet he wish'd, to remain.



“And thus,” the young moralist said,  
 “Am I punish’d for robbing the bower :—  
 Yet I hope that the heart of the maid  
 Is not quite so hard as the flower.”

---

LXXI.

## THE WASP.

Set to music by HORSLEY, and by SPOFFORTH.

WHY shun the Wasp that round thee flies ?  
 The harmless insect merely seeks,  
 Lady, to bask beneath thine eyes,—  
 To taste the roses on thy cheeks.

Attracted by thy fragrant breath,  
 It only longs its sweets to sip,—  
 And, though perhaps to meet its death,  
 To drink the dew upon thy lip.

And on that lip,—ah, trifling pain !  
 Should it to leave its weapon dare,  
 The useful sting will still remain  
 To punish rash intruders there.

---

LXXII.

## IMPROMPTU

ON JOINING A PARTY OF PLEASURE TO MEET A YOUNG MAIDEN ON HER  
BIRTHDAY.

---

How is it my pillow's so hard to my head ?  
How is it I long to escape from my bed ?  
I am going to visit the lass I love well,  
And she, pretty dear, Is—a—belle,—  
    And she, pretty dear, Is—a—belle.

What is it that gives such a charm to the day ?  
What makes me so happy ? what makes me so gay ?  
'Tis the sight of my love,—her blue eye is the spell ;  
For she, in a word, Is—a—belle,—  
    For she, in a word, Is—a—belle.

All hail ! let me sing to her morning of birth,—  
One line to her beauty,—one line to her worth ;—  
Long years of delight may she happily tell,  
While I sing that she still Is—a—belle,—  
    While I sing that she still Is—a—belle.

---





And here one sees                     A Club for "Glees,"  
                   And there for "Chess," and "Dominoes,"  
 For "Steaks of Beef,"                 'Tis past belief,  
                   And Clubs that are "Anonymous."  
 Each man of Ton                     In short has one,  
                   And ev'ry high and low body ;  
 And yet it's strange,                 In this wide range  
                   There's still a Club for "Nobody."

Tho' all should tell                 One bore the bell,  
                   Give me that Club instead of it,  
 Where Burney boys                 Mix Wit and Noise,  
                   With Old Nick\* at the head of it.  
 Thro' rosy wine                     School frolics shine,  
                   • Tho' distant still the brighter ;  
 And friendship's tie                 Of infancy  
                   Their riper years draw tighter.

To name the whole,                 Upon my soul,  
                   Time would be a preventative ;  
 But I suggest                     They all had best  
                   Send here a representative.  
 And as my song                     Has been too long,  
                   My closing shall be cursory,  
 With hope to see                     This company  
                   At ev'ry Anniversary.

\* An old schoolfellow so designated.

---

LXXIV.

## SONG

FOR A SUBSEQUENT ANNIVERSARY ; WHEN THE DOCTOR HAD RETIRED,  
AND THE SCHOOL WAS PULLED DOWN. SUNG BY AN IRISH SCHOOL-  
FELLOW.

---

I'm just come from Cork, with a slice of my "Rints ;"  
To look at the fashions and take a few hints :—  
So having some leisure, I thought I'd be glad  
To see the old school where I was when a lad.

So I mounted the Stage in a jiffy and went  
To Greenwich, that pleasantest village in Kent ;  
And I drove to the place where it ought to have been,  
But found there was nothing at all to be seen.

I look'd round and said, " Well, I thought, for my  
part,  
That I knew the old place, and had got it by heart ;—  
I've forgotten my schooling, so, by the same rule,  
I suppose I have also forgotten my school.

" Why, hang it, it surely was Greenwich," I said,  
" It cannot so soon have popp'd out of my head."  
So I ask'd of a person who chanc'd to be near,  
" Pray, where is the school, sir, that us'd to be here?"

Q

“ I can’t say with certainty,” answer’d the man,  
“ But I fancy the Mason and Carpenter can.”  
“ Come,” says I, “ you mustn’t take me for a fool,—  
“ You don’t mean to say they have taken the School.”

“ I do, tho’,” says he, “ and I don’t see indeed,  
Why they shouldn’t, as well as some others, succeed ;  
The Mason you know, Sir, with *Rules* is well stor’d,  
And the Carpenter’s sure to look after the *Board*.”

I saw he was quizzing, so turn’d on my heel,  
But did not a tittle more satisfied feel :—  
“ Well, well ! ” I exclaim’d, “ it’s all fair as I see,  
I first left the School, now the School has left me.”

Returning to London, I order’d my steak,  
And took up the paper to keep me awake,  
Where reading the summons this meeting to call,  
“ There,” said I, “ I’ve made a mistake after all.

“ I’m invited to meet all my School-fellows here,  
So I must have mistaken the House it is clear,  
For I always have heard it allow’d as a rule,  
That there cannot be School-fellows, without any  
*School*.”

But since I've been here, I'm inform'd I was right,  
That I've been to the School tho' it was not in sight ;  
That the Doctor expell'd all the boys in a crack,  
And pull'd down the School, lest they all should come  
back.

There was not much danger, if all were like me,—  
But in future the Doctor and I shall agree ;—  
For I learn he has voted all Grammar a farce,  
And now will have nothing but *Bottles to parse*.

It always surpris'd me what fun he could find  
In teaching us boobies our gerunds to grind ;—  
But I heartily hope, after all his mistakes,  
He'll have a " whole holiday " each day he wakes.

But, my boys, I'm delighted to see you again ;—  
In recalling past pleasures, we lose present pain ;—  
And I feel from my heart, while each Bumper I fill,  
That tho' there's no School, we are School-fellows still.

---



# POLITICAL.

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LXXV.

## ADDRESS

OF A COQUETTING CANDIDATE FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF A CERTAIN  
COUNTY, ON THE NOMINATION DAY, 1852.

---

THERE'S no party with whom I'll not run the whole rig,  
I'm a friend to Conservative, Radical, Whig :—  
I'll ask all your votes,—and when I have taken you,  
I'll defy you to prove that I've ever forsaken you.

No man for *Protection* would e'er have been burlier,—  
But then—my dear friends should have press'd for it  
earlier,  
On the minister Derby I've the greatest dependency—  
That is—when his measures attain an ascendancy.

The Commons of England are a Christian community—  
But—with our Jew breth'ren we should still live in  
unity,—  
And though for my Faith I would dauntlessly bustle,—  
What's the harm of an union 'tween Rothschild and  
*Russell* ?

No man can exceed me in Protestant horror,—  
That the prelates of Rome should have ventur'd to  
borrow

Our nominal dignities ecclesiastical :—  
But then—we all know that it's merely fantastical ;  
And against them we surely ought not to be rancorous,  
Since some of *our* clergy are quite as cantankerous.  
And the grant to Maynooth—that to me fatal song !—  
I'll remove it at once,—when it's proved to be wrong.

My new friends, by whose aid I shall weather the storm,  
May rely on my efforts to further REFORM :  
To remove the corruptions of Law I'll be steady—  
To be sure my Lord Derby has done that already ;  
So that if I neglect to make other improvement,  
No blame can arise that I fail in the movement.

Next—Parliament must be reform'd, I agree,—  
And, though suffrage that's quite universal, to me  
Sounds somewhat too strong,—yet I'd cast off the fetters  
Of ev'ry man John who has master'd his letters :  
For what is the use of their school education,  
If it gives them no part in the Administration ?

But my direst attack shall be vented that class on,  
Which consists of the Clergy, from Bishop to Parson.  
'Tis a sink of corruption, in part and in whole,—  
But—I'm friend to the Church,—I am, 'pon my soul !

Thus, my friends, from all I have said you will learn,  
 That I'm firmly attach'd to all parties—*in turn* ;  
 That in *something* I think with them all, they may note,  
 And can find an excuse on whiche'er side I vote.  
 To all shades of colour I'll prove myself true,—  
 Whether Pink,—or the Purple and Orange, or—Blue.

---

LXXVI.

EPIGRAM

ON THE EXCUSE MADE BY A CANDIDATE FOR HIS ABSENCE FROM A BALL,—  
 THAT HE HAD LEFT HIS COAT BEHIND HIM :—THE SAID CANDIDATE  
 PROFESSING CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES, BUT COQUETTING WITH THE  
 LIBERAL OR BLUE PARTY.

SIR FELIX, tho' Steward, kept away from the Ball !  
 The reason we've taken some trouble in learning :  
 His coat, which he said he'd forgotten, we all  
 Now know he had sent to a *Taylor*\* for *turning*.

This coat, which he vow'd he thus had forgotten,  
 Was of excellent colour and cloth when a new one ;  
 But the texture, by patching, has now become rotten,  
 And the colour been recently chang'd to a *Blue* one.

But no doubt the true cause of his absence he hides,  
 Since, as for his coat, why such trouble about it ?  
 In our old country dance he has learn'd to *change sides*,  
 And we know he can *shuffle* as lightly without it.

\* The name of his agent.

---

LXXVII.

## LITTLE JOHNNY'S THREAT :

A SCENE IN THE NURSERY.

ON THE MINISTER THREATENING TO RESIGN, IF THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT  
BILL (1854) WAS NOT ALLOWED TO PASS.



“JOHNNY, what in the world's the matter,  
That you should make so great a clatter,  
About a silly German toy ?  
Sure you've enough of English ones,—  
Drums and trumpets, swords and guns,—  
You must be satisfied, my boy.

“This plaything, dear, will cost too much,  
'Tis dangerous to play with such,  
For such a young beginner.”—  
But Johnny sulk'd, and storm'd, and cried  
That if his whim was still denied,  
He'd go without his dinner.

“I won't eat any more, I vow,—  
I know that you will give it now,  
When once that threat you've heard.”  
“Ah !” said his Nurse, “'twould serve him right,  
And put him in a famous fright,  
*To take him at his word.*”

---

## LXXVIII.

## "TOO LATE."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not make his appearance till long after the company had been seated at table."—*Morning Herald*, April 10, 1855.

"Too late ! " " too late ! " for ever " too late ! "  
 Is still our unfortunate Ministers' fate.  
 'Twas not till the weather began to cool  
 That they thought of attacking Sebastopol ;—  
 'Twas not till they'd wind, and snow, and rain,  
 That they thought of commencing a winter campaign ;—  
 'Twas not till most of the soldiers froze,  
 That they thought of sending out winter clothes ;—  
 'Twas not till by loud complaints pursued,  
 They found means to convey them daily food ;—  
 'Twas not till the wounded had strew'd the ground,  
 That they surgeons enough or hospitals found ;—  
 'Twas not till thousands by sickness died,  
 Were adequate comforts and drugs supplied.

In all things alike, it is ever their fate,  
 In great or in small, they must be " too late : "  
 Where'er they appear, it is mournfully true,  
 That this destiny sticks to the Cabinet crew.  
 E'en if one is engag'd to a City feast,  
*Invited to be the Chief Magistrate's guest,*

He omits preparation to be in his place,  
Till the rest are all seated, and finish'd the grace ;  
Then, hurriedly dressing, he flies to the group,  
"Too late" for the fish and "too late" for the soup.

I should say, if I were the Lord Mayor Moon,  
We cannot get rid of such rulers "too soon."

---

## DEVOTIONAL.

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LXXIX.

### THREE HYMNS

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN AT THE ASYLUM FOR FEMALE ORPHANS, AT THE  
ANNIVERSARIES, 1810, 1818, AND 1831.

---

O CHARITY ! thou friend of woe !  
Author of ev'ry joy we know !  
'Tis thine in mournful scenes to shine,  
And make each wretch's mis'ry thine !  
May these thy vot'ries never feel  
The pangs they cure, the wounds they heal.

Bereft of Father, Mother, Friend,  
Without a guide our youth to tend,  
The prey of sorrow, and of sin,—  
They saw our wants, and took us in ;  
They sooth'd the pain Misfortune felt,  
And rear'd us where soft Pity dwelt.

Thou, Lord, who wip'st the Orphan's tear,  
Great Source of all our blessings here,  
Accept the pray'rs and hear the praise,  
Which now before Thy throne we raise :  
And ever may our hearts confess  
*The feelings which our lips express.*

---

## LXXX.

HEAR us, who know no parent's name,  
O Lord ! before Thy throne,  
Our benefactors' praise proclaim  
For actions like Thine own.

Without Thy Spirit, they had pass'd  
Our humble dwellings by ;  
Without their aid, we had been cast  
In misery to die.

But snatch'd from dangers that abound,  
From fatal lures that win,—  
Here have we joy for sorrow found,  
And innocence for sin.

Here are we taught to keep in view  
The path by Virtue trod,  
That Justice to mankind is due,  
And Piety to God.

To Thee then may we ever turn,  
And for Thy glory live ;  
Still may we practise what we learn,  
And merit what they give.

Pray'rs from our infant hearts shall rise,  
And be each day renew'd,—  
While hymns, that tell their charities,  
Record our gratitude.

---



## LXXXI.

How blest are we, compar'd with those,  
 Who through the world their footsteps bend,  
 Without a spot to find repose,—  
 No home,—no parent,—and no friend ;  
 Who haunt the paths by sinners trod,  
 And scarcely know Thy name, O God !

Such might have been our portion too,  
 Expos'd to ev'ry earthly snare ;—  
 No mother's tenderness we knew,—  
 No father's counsel,—blessing,—pray'r ;  
 We dread to think of our career,  
 Had we not found a shelter here.

But, happy in our dear retreat,  
 Now glad within our peaceful home,  
 We parents, friends, instructors meet,  
 With present joys, and hopes to come ;  
 Here are we taught th' eternal Word,  
 And learn to lisp thy praises, Lord !

From Thee, by whom these blessings came,  
 Oh ! may our mem'ry ne'er depart !  
 In youth, in age, may Thy lov'd name  
 Still find an altar in our heart !  
 May pious acts our duty prove !  
*And swelling anthems tell our love !*

---

LXXXII.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ABYLUM ON THE DAY THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE WAS  
BURIED. 1817.



OH ! let not Piety condemn the tear,  
That flows so freely from a Nation's eyes ;  
Nor deem the sorrow so apparent here,  
From discontent at Heav'n's decrees to rise.

When fondly-cherish'd hopes so early fade,—  
When rip'ning Virtues prematurely sleep,—  
When she, whom Millions lov'd, in death is laid,  
Nature may claim a few short hours to weep.

The loss to him, to whom she ow'd her birth,—  
To her fond husband from his partner torn,—  
To all, who saw her merits, knew her worth,—  
*Who* must not feel, and feeling must not mourn ?

But soon Religion dries the moisten'd cheek,  
Diffusing mildly its consoling pow'rs :  
In sacred records soon we comfort seek,  
And own submission to her God and ours.

[The four preceding hymns were set to music by WILLIAM HORSLEY,  
Mus. B.]

## OCCASIONAL.

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LXXXIII.

WITH A PAPER OF BARLEY-SUGAR DROPS,  
COMMONLY CALLED KISSES.

---

THE careless maid, whose curious eye  
    Into forbidden secrets dips,  
Seen by the youth who watches nigh,  
    Pays him the forfeit on her lips.

Maria, thus when you unfold  
    The paper that encircles this,  
And there the sweet contents behold,  
    You too must surely take a kiss.

But she the kiss would idly shun,  
    And frown with well affected pother ;—  
While you, not satisfied with one,  
    Will peep again to get another.

If not content with what are given,  
    Maria, you should still complain,—  
We soon will make the matter even,—  
    *And you shall give them back again.*

---

LXXXIV.

## THE RINGLETS UNCURLLED.



SEE Mira, with her beauteous face,  
How she attracts that smiling beau ;  
And how her jetty tresses grace  
The iv'ry neck they serve to shew.

The studied ringlets' artful maze  
Seems of her conqu'ring system part,  
T' entrap admirers as they gaze,—  
Each lock a fetter to the heart.

Yet if the heart be but entwin'd  
Within those mazes of her hair,  
Ere morning dawns, if so inclin'd,  
'Twill 'scape from its confinement there.

For while she trips, with fatal fire,  
E'en pleasure acts the part of Fate,—  
Heat leaves no curl we can admire ;—  
Th' enchantment ends,—the hair is straight.

Learn hence, whene'er you dress your head,  
To let the inside have some share ;—  
Nor suffer, ye who wish to wed,  
Your fate to hang upon a hair.

---

LXXXV.

WITH THOMSON'S "SEASONS."  
—◆—

WHENE'ER in future time you look  
Upon the pages of this book,  
Think to my bosom you are dear,  
Through ev'ry Season of the year.

Now that in youth we lightly sing  
With all the gaiety of SPRING,  
Our little shoots of love appear,  
Like buds that grace the op'ning year.

These buds will into flow'rets blow,  
With sweeter scent, and richer glow ;  
Our blossoms too will Nature rear,  
And give a SUMMER to our year.

When time these blossoms shall remove,  
Then may we taste the fruits of love ;—  
Nor passion's storm, nor sorrow's tear,  
E'er gloom the AUTUMN of our year.

No—when the joys of youth are past,  
The milder charms of love shall last,  
The dear delights of Friendship cheer  
*The genial WINTER* of our year.

---

LXXXVI.

## FOR A PAIR OF SPECTACLES,

PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A DEAR FRIEND.

I PUT on your Spectacles yesterday morn,  
When I went on my travels from Harry's domain,  
And the prospect, dear Lady, they help'd to adorn,  
Making ev'ry thing round me delightfully plain.

On the trees, which before to my short-sighted eye  
Had been nothing but misshapen blotches of green,  
I could reckon the leaves as I quickly pass'd by,  
And tell ev'ry rain-drop that glisten'd between.

No longer the landscape in masses of shade  
Disappointed the hopes which my fancy might frame,  
But I now could distinguish each valley and glade,  
And give to each object exactly its name.

The distance, which used to be dim to my sight,  
Its outline no more undecidedly shew'd,  
But, illumin'd, distinctly was trac'd in the light,  
And with Nature's true colour and brilliancy  
glow'd.

Thus on to the end of my journey I ran,  
And while with delight I look'd on the view,  
Believe that I could not, my dear Mary Anne,  
Avoid in my mind looking backward to you.

I thought to myself of the number of years,  
Over both of our heads that had rapidly pass'd,  
Since the friendship which each to the other endears,  
Was united in links that for ever will last.

Our intercourse memory quickly renew'd,  
And I dwelt on adventures now buried by time,  
Other scenes, other moments, by turns I review'd,  
Too serious, too lively, to minute in rhyme.

I thought of your spectacles then, and I said,  
Not to prize such a gift I were worse than a dunce,  
Since thus they afford a miraculous aid,  
And make me look backward and forward at once.

---

LXXXVII.

## WOMAN.

ON THE AUTHOR'S DECLINING TO WRITE SOME VERSES FOR A LADY;  
SAYING HE HAD NO SUBJECT.



I WAS dead to the flattering offer you made,  
When I a small tribute of verse could deny ;  
And a blameable dulness I own I betray'd,  
To ask for a Subject—when Woman was nigh.

Since Woman, in ages both rude and refin'd,  
Has e'er added graces to Poetry's song ;—  
And the sweetest of garlands by bard ever twin'd,  
To thee, lovely Woman, are known to belong.

To ask for a Subject !—in sight of the theme,  
Which even to fools inspiration has giv'n,—  
And has brighten'd the tints of the fanciful dream,  
Which often transports us to bliss and to Heav'n !

How could I forget thee,—with heart so awake  
To add to our joy,—to diminish our care ?  
What is bliss which we do not with Woman partake ?  
And is not grief pleasure when sooth'd by the fair ?



For thee all the wildness of youth will decline,  
 To studies refin'd by thy influence led ;—  
 What man but would fly from old Bacchus's shrine,  
 To be warm'd by the glory round Venus's head ?

My dulness and folly I still must accuse,  
 And deserve that my harp should be ever unstrung :  
 But I feel that your pardon you will not refuse,  
 Nor believe that my heart was as cold as my tongue.

For instead of excuse, I a recompense send,—  
 Nor think it a fiction tho' written in rhyme,—  
 And thus am enabled two duties to blend,  
 Of paying a debt,—and recanting a crime.

---

LXXXVIII.

TO A ROBIN,

WHICH FLEW INTO THE AUTHOR'S LIBRARY.

---

To thy nest, little Robin, be quick in returning,  
 Ere the storm that is low'ring too forcibly rages :  
 No rest wilt thou find in the *Branches* of Learning,  
 Nor shelter from *Leaves* that are form'd of dry pages.

---

LXXXIX.

## TO A YOUNG MAIDEN

ON HER BIRTHDAY, WITH A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER.



SOME faults we all possess  
Of temper or of taste,  
Which may to carelessness  
In early youth be trac'd.

Had they been check'd at first,  
They soon had disappear'd ;  
But taken at the worst,  
They never can be clear'd.

Altho' one other year  
Is added to your lot,  
You're young enough, my dear,  
To rub out every blot.

And as your faults are few,  
And all of them but small,  
This Rubber sent to you  
Is quite enough for all.

---

XC.

## TO AN ENGAGED LADY

ON HER BIRTHDAY, OVERCLOUDED BY AN EXPECTED DEATH IN  
THE FAMILY.

THO' tears bedew your cheeks to-day,  
 Where happy smiles were wont to play,  
     In years now left behind ;—  
 You are too grateful to complain,  
 That 'midst your joys some present pain  
     Is thus at last entwined.

Those former joys, themselves a debt,  
 The blessings that surround you yet,  
     Too great to be forgot,—  
 By a consoling mem'ry sent,  
 All stand before you to prevent  
     One murmur at your lot.

Birthdays are warnings to the wise ;—  
 As the successive periods rise,  
     They tell how Time has flown ;  
 Each is an ever prompting friend,  
 And like the watch'd beloved one's end,  
     *Prepares us for our own.*

As grateful mem'ry brings relief,  
 So hope is left, amidst our grief,  
     To gild the future scene ;—  
 How deep, dear mourner, *his* delight  
 Who feels that he may make more bright  
     The days that intervene.

---

XCL

## SIMULATED VALENTINE.

SENT TO A LADY, AS IF FROM A NOBLEMAN, WHOM SHE HAD MET AT  
 A CONCERT ON THE PRECEDING DAY.

---

DELIGHTFUL moment, when myself I found  
     Entranc'd in dreams of heav'nly harmony,  
 Sooth'd by the swelling symphonies of sound,  
     I thought on angels,—and I look'd on thee.

Tho' vulgar crowds abrupt around me roll,—  
     And whisper'd nothings my attention try,—  
 Music engrosses all my ravish'd soul,  
     And thy lov'd beauty all my raptur'd eye.

Break not the spell, so beautiful and bright,  
     The vision of my fancy realize,—  
 Let thy sweet accents still my ears delight,  
     And thy tongue keep the promise of thine eyes.

---

XCII.

## TO A FATHER.

ON THE EARLY DEATH OF HIS PROMISING SON, AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS.

At length the worn exhausted frame  
 Has sunk into repose ;—  
 The spark's extinct,—the waning flame  
 Has quiver'd to its close.  
 But yet no darkness reigns around,  
 But rather clearer light ;—  
 A Mem'ry on his brow is bound,  
 Which makes e'en sorrow bright.

And how can sorrow linger long  
 With so much left to cheer,  
 Nor one remember'd act of wrong,  
 To draw a bitter tear ?  
 Release from long continued pain,—  
 Escape from dreaded worse,—  
 All rather prompt a grateful strain,  
 Than a repining verse.

Can grief result from "troops of friends"  
 All joining in his praise ?  
 Can sorrow last, when each commends  
 Some act of former days ?  
 Can pain arise from honours won,—  
 From plaudits proudly earn'd,—  
*From ev'ry point of duty done,—*  
*From ev'ry love return'd ?*

Can they who daily, hourly, saw  
His trials and his pains,  
A wholesome lesson fail to draw,  
To last while life remains ?  
Is not a bright example shewn  
To those who watch'd his cares,  
How carefully he hid his own,  
Lest he might double theirs ?

Submissive, patient, cheerful, still  
Delighted all to please :—  
E'en the dear careless infant will  
Remember him for these.  
Not one of all the mournful train,  
When nature's tears are dried,  
Will one rebellious thought retain,  
But dwell on him with pride.

However mournful then his doom,  
With promises so high,—  
However natural the gloom,—  
The tear,—the groan,—the sigh,—  
There's still this blessing to requite,  
E'en in lamenting him,—  
That none can find his virtue's light  
One stain, one blot, to dim.

---

XCIII.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM ON NEW YEAR'S  
DAY.

How can I better hail the Year  
Now op'ning to our view,  
Than to record a tribute here  
To friendship due ?

The cold may scorn, the grave condemn  
These offerings of the heart ;—  
But say, can aught we gain from them  
Such joys impart ?

Tho' dull indiff'rence feels no woe,  
It cannot share a bliss ;  
And gravity no charms can shew  
To equal this.

These records throw the mind on scenes  
Of joy long past away ;  
And sorrow 'midst its darkness gleans  
A brighter ray.

Thus friends divided meet again  
To fond remembrance brought,—  
And thus may he who guides the pen  
*P'rhaps* claim a thought.

---

XCIV.

## IMPROMPTU

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT MONTANVERT.



How few there are the pow'r can boast  
To trace the thoughts such scenes inspire ;  
Yet 'tis not those who write the most,  
The most admire.

How full, were each enchanting scene  
Reflected in a verse of mine,  
Those tablets which till now have been  
Without a line.

Spirits expos'd, however strong,  
Must soon evaporate in air ;  
But all their power continues long,  
Preserv'd with care.

Who all their feelings haste to tell,  
Have nothing left for hours to come :—  
That something on my mind may dwell,  
I'll now be dumb.

---



XCV.

## THANKS FOR A PURSE,

NETTED AND PRESENTED BY AN OLD FRIEND.

“BEFORE I was married, oh then ! oh then !”  
 A purse had demanded a verse from my pen ;  
 Each stitch it contain'd would be deem'd to impart  
 A still stronger tie to the net-cover'd heart ;  
 The slides that embrac'd it would fondly suggest  
 How firmly the giver must cling to my breast,  
 And the shades of the meshes, whatever their hue,  
 Would typify sentiments, ardent and true.

But since I by law have been tied up so long,  
 How can I,—how dare I,—now venture on song ?  
 The fancies, the feelings, that formerly rose,  
 Must all now, in decency, sink in repose ;  
 And the sentiments which I might venture on then,  
 Must not now be whisper'd,—not e'en by the pen.

But still, tho' propriety, touching her lip,  
 Forbids us most strictly in fancy to dip,  
 And formally dictates our style of address,  
 Prohibiting words either larger or less,—  
 Yet I am not aware of its being a crime  
 To give thanks for a present,—e'en tho' they're in  
*rhyme ;*

But always provided the terms we select  
Are prompted by prudence, and fram'd with respect.

Let Gratitude then, having Reason in view,  
Now offer the thanks that to Friendship are due ;  
And Maria believe that her present revives  
The happiest years of our earliest lives,—  
Recalling the days as they formerly were,  
When we lived “ without hurry, or bustle, or care,”  
When Youth shed a brightness o'er scenes within view,  
And tinted the distance with gaiety's hue.

How grateful to feel after so many years  
That our smiles have been frequenter far than our  
tears ;  
That tho', like all mortals, some trials we've had,  
The good has abounded far more than the bad ;  
And that for the days that remain to be spent,  
We've what is far better than riches,—content.  
Let us hope, we may each of us find in the end  
To aid—to enliven—to cheer us—a Friend.

---

XCVI.

## THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

INTENDED FOR THE "UNITED FRIARS," A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIAN GENTLEMEN, INSTITUTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF COLLECTING THE HISTORY OF THE DIFFERENT MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

Now fall'n the pride of Monasterial sway,  
 Its pow'r forgotten, and its walls decay'd :—  
 Its solemn rites,—its glittering display,—  
 Thro' rolling years in deeper distance fade.

Tho' in some inmates of the sacred roof  
 Beneath their mantles might a fault be trac'd ;—  
 Tho' p'rhaps some luxury might need reproof,  
 Some pride to be abated, lust effac'd ;

This would not justify the tyrant deed,  
 That made all suffer for the faults of few ;—  
 This would not clear the Judge's hand, that fee'd  
 With stolen wealth the servile flatt'ring crew.

Had the eighth Henry ere he struck the blow,  
 Without distinction lev'ling bad and good,  
 Been but content to quell Religion's foe,  
*Dark Superstition*, with her gloomy brood ;—

Had he diffus'd the revenues around,  
 Which Pride and Luxury had oft mispent ;—  
 Had he applied the precious ores he found  
 To the good use the early donors meant ;—

Had he preserv'd from spoilers' hands accur'd  
 The sacred piles rever'd thro' countless years ;—  
 Their *guiltless* inmates had he not dispers'd,  
 But given at least a shelter to their tears ;—

Not then, as now, would be the deed disgrac'd,—  
 Not then would man with scorn remember it,—  
 Not then, as now, would Henry's name be trac'd  
 As heartless Tyrant,—Royal Hypocrite !

Be it our task to clear the sullied page,  
 Disperse the clouds that would conceal the light,  
 And prove to this no longer bigot age,  
 That 'midst much darkness still some spots were  
 bright.

The precious manuscripts of sacred truth  
 Had perish'd but for these contemned men ;—  
 The classic fav'rites of our early youth  
 We owe to tedious labours of their pen ;—

The hallow'd monuments of ancient taste,—  
 The Arts,—the Sciences,—thro' them survive ;—  
 While ign'rance flourish'd and the world laid waste,  
 They kept the lamp of knowledge still alive.

Omitting virtues, which the world disputes,  
 And charity, which sure for much atones ;—  
 Of their good deeds, if these are living fruits,  
 Oh ! be the bad “ interred with their bones.”

---

 XCIV.

ON RECEIVING SOME COMPLIMENTARY  
 VERSES FROM A LADY,

IN WHICH SHE DISCLAIMED COMPETITION WITH THE AUTHOR ;—SAYING  
 THAT HIS LINES WERE “ LIKE THOSE MEDALS RARE, NOT CURRENT  
 THOUGH THEY'RE STERLING.”

—◆—  
 A COMPLIMENT from one whose taste  
 Her poetry discloses,  
 I may be proud has ever grac'd  
 The verse my Muse composes.

You not with equal talents glow !—  
 Death to the foul aspersion !  
 The very lines that tell me so  
*Themselves* deny th' assertion.

If I possess a "medal rare,"  
 You, by your own confession,  
 Prove plainly there *two* copies are,  
 And you've the *best* impression.

---

XCVIII.

A SPEECH,

DELIVERED AT A RURAL DEBATING SOCIETY, UPON THE PROPOSITION,  
 THAT "THE TEE-TOTAL SYSTEM IS AN ADVANCE IN CIVILISATION."

---

MR. PRESIDENT, ere the discussion's concluded,  
 I would wish, if it wouldn't be thought I intruded,  
 And I might be permitted to join in the chorus,  
 To say a few words on the question before us ;  
 A question—if others look'd at it as I did—  
 Should first be consider'd before it's decided.

"That the system tee-total, so rife in the nation,  
 Is," it says, "an advance in civilisation."

Now, in arguing a case, the first thing to condemn  
 us is  
 To make a mistake with regard to our premises.  
 T' avoid therefore taking a lop-sided leaning,  
 Let us look at its terms, and first settle their meaning.

The man who adopts, Sir, the system tee-total,  
 Is one who entirely abstains from the bottle ;  
 Who thinks it a *duty*—not merely a merit—  
 T' avoid ev'ry drop of wine, porter, or spirit :  
 And *civilisation's* that state of existence,  
 Which puts savage nature the most at a distance ;  
 To *advance* in the latter, the doing some act is  
 To remove some remains of what savages practise.

If, therefore, this spirituous annihilation  
 Be in truth an advance in civilisation,  
 It of course must be argued, to prove the position,  
 That nature's first state was a drunken condition ;  
 That savages, living in dwellings of wicker,  
 Were indulgers in every description of liquor ;  
 And that the first act of a civilised people  
 Was to teach them a pious abstaining from tippie.

If this be a fact, and not a mere fiction,  
 To all I have learn'd 'tis in strange contradiction.  
 My grandmother told me that history taught her,  
 That our forefathers drank nothing better than  
                   water ;  
 In addition to which, I have read in my books, Sir,  
 The voyage of Columbus, of Parry, and Cook, Sir,  
 That of brandy the blacks had so little a notion,  
*That they look'd on it with a degree of devotion ;*

And in dangers and doubts, all the men in their ships  
 say,  
 They brought them to reason by making them tipsy.

Let me seriously ask of the learned proposer  
 A question I think will at once be a poser :  
 Whether wine, brandy, porter, rum, or the "cr'atur,"  
 He conceives to be simple productions of nature ?  
 Is not art, is not science, in full requisition  
 To bring them respectively into condition ?  
 Are not labour and talent, and nicest invention,  
 All us'd to produce them, and give them extension ?  
 Does not each require care, and refin'd cultivation ?  
 In short—all the efforts of civilisation ?

If this be the case, to destroy what the use is,  
 The benefits civilisation produces ;  
 'Tis surely presumption in man to determine,  
 That what he receives is fit only for vermin ;—  
 And it cannot be right by one terrible mowing,  
 To annihilate what took so long in the sowing,

Among arguments us'd, that are purely sophistical,  
 We've been favour'd with numbers of figures statistical,  
 To show the consumption in different seasons  
 Have varied in quantity ;—what are the reasons ?  
 Do not manners, and fashions, in various ranges,  
 Do not whims, do not taxes, account for the changes ?



And the utmost extent that the argument touches,  
Is, that what is now drunk as before not so much is.

But we're told that the persons in crime the most  
sunken,  
Are those wretched men who're habitually drunken ;  
But what does this prove, when the argument's finish'd,  
But simply that drunkenness should be diminish'd ?  
So should avarice, gluttony, arson, and so forth :  
But surely these ne'er can be reasons to go forth,  
That fire, food, money, and other temptation,  
Should not be enjoy'd in fair moderation.  
Must we throw in the sea all our silver and guineas,  
Because they by chance are misus'd by some ninnies?  
Our breakfast, our luncheon, our dinner, must we  
shun,  
Because there are fools who will gorge to repletion ?  
Must we give up our fire, as if it would harm us,  
Because it's a weapon to burn down a farm-house.  
Must all of our snug winter comforts be undone,  
Because carelessness burns down the Tower of London?  
Then, why, tho' some men pour too much down their  
throatle,  
Should we be depriv'd of a temperate bottle ?

Philosophers have without question decided,  
We may all take "the goods which the gods have pro-  
vided."

The blessings of Heav'n are given to use 'em ;  
 We're forbidden alone to pervert and abuse 'em.

I cannot think civilisation advances,  
 While the virtues are solely dependent on chances ;  
 While men on their strength have so little reliance,  
 That to smallest temptations they can't bid defiance ;  
 While, spite of their reason, they will be so wilful  
 As to swallow a quart, when they want but a gill full.

No—I cannot encourage so morbid a feeling ;—  
 The friends of the system, with which we are dealing,  
 May think that the grounds of success may be plausible,  
 But they'll find in the end that the thing is impossible.

Should they chance be successful in many localities,  
 Then farewell, for ever, our old hospitalities !  
 No meetings of mirth shall we ever have after !  
 No glass to inspire and invoke us to laughter !  
 No social re-unions,—no fun or hilarity !  
 No bottle to lead us to love or to charity !  
 No fillip to open the strings of our purses !  
 No stimulus giving a zest to our verses !—  
 And what shall we get that has half so much merit, as  
 That jolly old maxim of “ *in vino veritas?* ”

We shall get—we shall get, Sir,—in ev'ry quarter,  
 An exceeding abundant allowance—of water !

But, whatever the thought we are longing to utter,  
We shall ne'er get a *toast*—unless we have butter.

Impress'd with these feelings, I've made my decision,  
On the part I shall take in the present division ;  
*Against* the position proposed, Mr. President,  
My voice shall be rais'd while in . . . . . I'm resident.

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XCIX.

### ADVICE TO THE EDITOR

ON HIS ALLOWING ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR TO "NOTES AND QUERIES" TO  
ADOPT THE SIGNATURE  $\Phi$ , WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD USED FROM THE  
COMMENCEMENT OF THE WORK.



A CONTRIBUTOR sending a Note or a Query  
Considers what signature's better,  
And lest his full name too oft should prove weary,  
He sometimes subscribes with a letter.

This letter in English or Greek thus selected,  
As his personal mark he engages ;  
From piracy therefore it should be respected,  
Throughout all the rest of your pages.

By a contrary practice, confusion is sown,  
And annoyance to writers of spirit,  
Who wish not to claim any notes but their own,  
Of a less or superior merit.

I submit, in such cases no writer would grumble,  
 But give you his hearty permission,  
 When two correspondents on one mark should stumble,  
 To make to the last an addition.

You are bound to avoid ev'ry point that distresses,  
 And prevent all collision that vexes,  
 Preserving the right of each Collar of SS,\*  
 And warding the blows of cross XX.

If any new  $\Phi$  should your notice come under,  
 Allow me to be your adviser,  
 To inform your contributing friend of his blunder,  
 By altering it into  $\Omega \Phi$ , Sir.

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\* A discussion on this collar had continued long.

C.

## L'ENVOI.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET TO THE "BEAUTIES OF MASSINGER," THE AUTHOR'S  
FIRST PUBLICATION.



FIRSTLING ! farewell ! 'tis now that thou must go  
 Forth on the world, where thou wilt haply find  
 More foes than friends, more critical than kind.  
 Yet, 'midst the vast varieties of woe,  
 Some have met friends, with warm affection's glow,  
 Who hinted faults to which they were not blind,  
 With words t' improve and not to wound design'd :—  
 Oh ! may'st thou such kind-hearted critics know !

I grieve to part ;—for thou hast giv'n relief  
 To spirits wearied oft with thought intense,  
 Amus'd my leisure moments, sooth'd my grief,  
 And cur'd ennui at but a slight expense.  
 Would that these joys to Readers might be known !  
 Farewell ! thy beauties are the bard's,—thy faults my  
 own.



